Drill of the Tenderfeet.

Future Rough Riders at Work on the Tanbark.

evening a class of young men meet to pract a horseback evolutions under the inaruction of a teacher who puts an amount of enthusiasm and experience into his work which nothing but an overpowering love of sport would seem to explain. According to these young men he is "one of the soys himself," which seems to be the highest need of praise an instructor should want. Many of this class, according to one of te members, roll in wealth as well as on he tanbark. Others do not-roll in wealth. There is no qualification for member-



PRIENDS IN THE GALLERY.

ship except a vaulting ambition. Even a slight acquaintance with the science of riding debars a man from the full joys of mutual sympathy and understanding. As fa as could be seen, however, very few were debarred on this account.

The class numbers about thirty and makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in experience. It is composed of business and pro-fessional men, society favorites and one or two genuine Rough Riders who sprinted in the famous charge of San Juan. These last form the artistic contrast necessary in every picture. It is true they are considered rather a handlesp by some, who desire a better chance to play to the gallery than is afforded by their superior informa-

There is Gaston-of course, that is not his name, but his nom de cheval. Gaston wears a Van Dyke beard, a Latin Quarter sion, a belt made out of a narrow-strap and a general air of sitting his horse which speaks an intimate acquaintance with the wild life of the plains as well as that of

in the gallery, safe out of harm's way and explains the evolutions of the toilers of the tanbark. His observations are no inconsiderable feature of the evening's entertainment, which is earnestly recommended to the attention of a one suffering from

At an academy uptown every Friday | the blues or from an ingrowing sense that the world offers nothing new in the way of

There is the Fat Boy and the Young Fellow and the Handsomest Man in the Class-as there is in every class, and there are the Also Rans.

They are a striking lot, this class of tenderfeet, and from the gallery reserved for spectators one looks down on a picturesque scene. The pink tint of the walls, the blue overhead, the amethyst flickers of the electric lights, the chocolate of the tanbark, all form an immensely interesting color scheme, which brings out in vivid contrast the group of men who stand at one end, at the beginning of the entertain-ment, cheek by jowl with their horses, walting with hand on mane for the signal to mount. The costumes of the class consist of khaki trousers, leather leggings, gray flannel shirts, loose neckties and campa gn hats of the regulation fashion.

The neckties and the hats are a study in themselves, the former ranging from the azure tint of the Blond's, through all prismatic shades and tints, while the hatswell, if there is anything that that par-ticular kind of hat cannot express, be it noral turpitude or physical grace, it has not yet been discovered.

There is the man who simply doesn't care. His hat is set rakishly on one side. o far over the eye that it is only by means of the leather thong that it accompanies him on his travels. Then there is the strictly correct hat, which looks newly pressed every time; the hat that shows determination, fear, indifference, pride, van-ity &c. If triffee show character then the campaign hat is an important trifle.

The Solitary Claqueur explains that the khaki worn is of a peculiar quality.

"The ordinary khaki don't last long, but



CBOSSING THE BAR. do to wear ordinary khaki here-not with

spectators. The men must have something leathery, something that won't break or crack, or give way under any circum-

According to this impeccable authority,

the first thing the class of tenderfeet did was to pick out the soft places in the tan-bark. This naturally took time and careful observation. It was here that the Fat Boy had his innings. He scored heavily in the beginning. Any old place would do for him, and he saved time and strength.

Whatever directions the Gallant Lieu-The next important thing was to examine

enant really gives, he certainly seems to be saying:

"Construct a right angled triangle, etc.," or, perchance, "Construct an acute angle and the sum of the legs, etc." Riding school horses are notoriously indifferent to the chances and changes of this mortal life and don't seem to care

whether they are considered hypotenuses, bases or just plain horse.

proportional," etc., or, as a man tumbles in their respective merits.

The projection of a straight line not perpendicular to a plane upon that plane is a straight line."

The methods of capture are as varied as they are in the genuine game. For instance, the rider may rein in his horse at the orucial moment and allow the tired.

The methods of capture are as varied as they are in the genuine game. For instance, the rider may rein in his horse at the orucial moment and allow the tired. as they are in the genuine game. For instance, the rider may rein in his horse at the orucial moment and allow the tired applicant for favor an opportunity to seat himself firmly without further effort; or he may become frightened at the rear approach of the chaser and wheel off in an opposite direction; the chaser may take chances, a flying leap and a tumble on the other side of the horse, he may even fall headlong and it may be a case of a horse on him before he knows it.

All these possibilities are suggested by the matrimonial drill which, by the way, is one of the favorites of the girls in the late of the horse, of the girls in the girls in the late of the horse, on his head, neck, with the face toward the tail, &c., while the animal is spurred to utmost speed. Hanging on to a rapidly moving horse, riding backward, with nothing to cling to but a wisp of hair is apparently as hard as it looks, and the tenderfeet don't make it look any easier than it really is.

It is during this drill that the Solitary



According to the opinion of the girls in the gallery the Gallant Lieutenant, who eaches the class, is "just the sweetest hing that ever came down the pike." He has that air of military dash and grace o pleasing to the feminine soul, his uniform fits like that of a West Point cadet, his cap is set at the right angle, neither so rakishly as to interfere with his air of command, nor so sternly as to frighten away his admirers, while his horse, decked in the yellow trimmed saddle, & la United States Cavalry, omes in for his full share of admiration

"In a class like this," stated the Solitary

Claqueur—he was particular to emphasize the word "this." meaning, no doubt, a

class without prejudice or opinion in the matter of horsemanship—"it is necessary that a man should realize that a stretcher is all ready at a moment's notice. It gives

him a sense of security that a mere horse's neck never could."

When the Gallant Lieutenant leads the charge of the Tenderfoot Brigade down the tanbark, inspired by a genuine cowboy yell as they advance toward the girls in the gallery, there are Thrills—Thrills with a capital. The girls say they are afraid of the horses, and perhaps that accounts for the rising color in the cheeks and the light in the eyes-perhaps. The Soli-tary Claqueur, when asked for his opinion, looked incredulous.

It is no park riding that is taught in this class. When a man has completed his course he will be able to meet any emergency that may arise and if it doesn't arise it is safe to assume that he will go out and lasso it The drill is supposed to be founded on the regulations of the United States Cavalry, but this is merely a starting point, with side issues in the way of cowboy For instance, there is what might be

termed the geometrical drill. This is performed by the use of two horses to a man. The main object is to stand upright, bal-ancing oneself as need be, and ride at a gallop around the ring. The geometrical figures formed by the

legs and arms, from which the drill takes its name, are most interesting. One gets acquainted with many old friends of college days, as the tenderfeet wheel about and around. The Fat Boy inclines to curves and circles, while the tall, alm man who triangular mode of progression. As one notes these strange parabolic curves and straight lines, one finds oneself repeat-

of the triangle are given," or

The geometrical drill offers no end of study to the arithmetician. To offset thisas romance offsets reality, there is the matrimonial drill.

The matrimonial drill starts out with

a single rider who trots about carelessly as if there were no trouble in store for



him. It is very symbolic and Ibser Suddenly from a given point a khaki attired figure starts toward the horses. Of course this second figure repres the chaser in the game. The first rider is

gallery and the comments made there are by no means uninteresting.

"How well those two ride together," said one young maiden enviously as the matrimonial steed trots by, the two on it rising and falling in perfect harmony with each other and the movements of the horse.

These are followed by two who are solely interested in holding on, like drowning mariners to a plank. Suddenly the unfor seen happens and one is pitched headlong while the other, without a backward glance, lopes along the ring to the cheers of the spectators. As in the real estate of matrimony, the riders who have chosen their partners well attract little attention; it is the unmated and insecure who hold and keep the attention of the crowd.

"Never can do it in the world," says the Solitary Ciaqueur as two ride by making desperate efforts to come to some conclusion which offers a moment's respite. And, after a moment, in a disgusted tone, "By Jove, they've done it," his attention being immediately transferred to two more riders who are pitching this way and that like storm-tossed ships upon a storm storm-tossed ocean. "That's something like it," says the Claqueur, as they are both unhorsed and are picked up tenderly by others, who

like storm-tossed ships upon a storm storm-tossed ocean. "That's something like it," says the Claqueur, as they are both unhorsed and are picked up tenderly by others, who presumably represent the mothers-in-law in this symbolic drama.

It is safe to say that the drill which excites the most interest in the masculine contingent is that which might be but isn't called "Crossing the Bar."

The bar resembles a section of a telegraph pole which is held by two attendants at one end, the other braced against the wall on the right of the spectators' gallery. Sometimes at the moment the horse reaches the bar the attendants, frightened at what seems an impending catastrophe, and desirous of self preservation at any cost, let go the bar and run for dear life. They return, penitent and schamed, to a chorus of jeers, repeating this evolution, which is not down in the regulations, over and over until finally some rider inspires them with sufficient confidence and, like Horatio at the bridge, they remain.

Whatever else there may be in this drill monotony certainly does not enter. Some of the horses balk as soon as they come in sight of the bar, some take it along with them, having formed one of those first sight attachments which is only terminated by the united efforts of the attendants.

The only thing the horses do not do is to go under the bar. This is explained by

The only thing the horses do not do is to go under the bar. This is explained by the fact that the bar is held too low. The Solitary Claqueur informed his audience that the regulations absolutely forbade a man to crawl under the bar unless he took his horse with him.

It is in crossing the bar that the Callerian

It is in crossing the bar that the Gallant

don't make it look any easter than it really is.

It is during this drill that the Solitary Claqueur is most encouraging. When Beauty with his blonde hair and blue necktle sweeps by, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hands frantically clasping the horse's pompadour, his attitude a composite photograph of fear and indecision, the Claqueur introduces him to the girls in stentorian accents, as "the handsomest man in the class." It is hard for a handsome man to be presented under such circumstances—even the horse shies.

The Solitary Claqueur assures a timid wife that "there's really no danger, your husband is tied on firmly. We always see that; we don't want to lose him any more

amenities rob the evening of any possi-bilities in the way of annul.

There is also the Finnegan drill. This is a famous charge explained by the poem:

There is also the wrestling drill, when two riders lock arms and raise doubts in the misds of the spectators as to whether they are trying to unseat each other or merely assisting each other to stick on.



PIRST OVER THE BARS.

The Solitary Chaqueur announces that the latter is really the case. As two ride by with their arms intertwined in a passionate



of those two men will be thrown. It's a great help to a man to have some one to hold him on his horse."

Surely more than a passing notice should be given the two aides of the Gallant Lieutenant who, in the hours devoted to the teaching of the tenderfeet, perform their allotted duties with fervor and precision. The sides are a small dog of the fox terrier breed and a coach dog, who are here, there and everywhere, their noisy yaps inspiring the tired to action and their no less inspiring nips at the horses' hind legs stimulating the blase moods of the riding school horses to repeated and strenuous efforts. They take the place of the spur and are much less dangerous, for the spure do get caught in the tan bark and other unsuspected places unless special attention is given them.

The last tableau of the tenderfoot drill is a most effective one. In a long line the men stand beside their horses, and at the words of command the saddles are unbuckled, lifted and then, one by one, each leading his horse, the brave troopers file from the ring, saluting the Gallant Lieutenant as they pass.

Left alone, the Gallant Lieutenant, with his two aides at his heels, dances a few times about the ring, the beautiful herse lifting his forefeet in true deux temps style. Then, with a lingering glance at the fair in the gallery, who are almost falling over the railing in their appreciation, he follows the line of troopers and the curtain falls over one of the interesting sights in the town at present.

BUTTON GAME OF THE KIOWAS.

A WAR NEARLY CAUSED BY THE PASTIME CALLED DO-A

Batekan's Wealth and Honor as a Prophe Based on His Skill as a Sleight-of-Ha Performer in the Game—The Result Nearly Sent His Tribe on the Warpath.

Seros and warlike Indians, but now an agricultural people with farms and schools. A favorite game among them is called "Do-a." It is something like the white children's game of "button, button, who's got the button?"

Men, women and children can play this game, but the men and women never play it together, and neither do the boys and girls. Each sex plays by itself. The Indians call it a medicine game, because some of the players become such expert sleight of-hand performers with the kiabo, as the button is called, that they do things which, to the Indians, seem like magic and anything pertaining to magic the red

The Indians who assemble to play Do-a sit in a circle around the fire in the centre of the wigwam, or, if they play it in a house they squat in a circle on the kitchen floor. One-half of the circle plays against the other half, each side having a leader who begins the game and directs its progress.

which is a little stick wrapped in a piece of fur and small enough to be concealed in the palm of the hand. Putting his closed hands together, with the kiabo concealed in one of them, he raises them above his head, places them behind his back or clasps them across his chest, all the time singing one of the peculiar Do-a songs, which go

from one hand to the other, or to the hands of one of the other players on his side, without being caught by the players of the

in their movements to the song which is being sung. When one of the players

being sung. When one of the players of the opposing party thinks he knows where the kiabo is he shouts "Tsoq," which means "That," and jerks his thumb and index-finger toward the hand which he thinks contains the little joker.

If he guesses right, he scores a certain number of points. A tally is kept by means of a bundle of little sticks, painted green, each player laying aside a stick for each point which he gets.

The player who guesses right takes the kiabo himself and goes through the same performance as the first man, but assiging a different song, and so it goes on for hours, the side which has the greater number of points at the close of the game being, of course, the winner.

The playing of this simple game, with

its songs and laughter, and the swift, dex-terous involvements of the hands of the players, makes an animated and noisy scene, in which the Indians greatly delight. Sometimes, when a number of the Kiowas are encamped together, games will be going on at night in several wigwams at the same time, in some wigwams the women and girls playing it, and in others the boys and men.

girls playing it, and in others the boys and men.

Far into the night the choruses can be heard, the high-pitched voices of the women in one wigwam making a striking contrast to the deep tones of the men in another.

In the winter of 1881-82 a memorable game of Do-a was played by the Kiowas and Kiowa-Apaches, which came near causing an Indian war.

A Kiowa boy named Datekan, which means Keeps-his-name-always, had become so expert at the game that all the tribe admired his play, and stood not a little in awe of him because of the wonderful way in which he could handle the kiabo. The Indians declared that he could make the little stick pass from hand to hand among the players invisibly, while he held his own hands stretched out before him; that he could even throw the kiabo up into the air and make it remain there until he stretched out his own hand and caught it.

H really was only a sleight-of-hand performer, but he was a good one, and much mystified the Indiars. He was getting to be a young man and aspired to be the leader of the Kiowas—also to live with-

out work.

So, when the great winter camp of the Kiowas and the Kiowa-Apaches was pitched by the Washita River, he announced that he could beat any man in the combined tribes at Do-a. Among the Apaches was a youth named Daveko, or Eyes-that-kill, who was also something of a sleight-of-hand man, and a great Do-a player. The two chose sides and, in the midst of a great gathering of the tribes, the game took place.

Keepe-his-name-always was the winner and at once became a great man among his people. Now the Kiowas, in the days when herds of buffalo roamed over the great plains of the West instead of living in one place as they do now, used to wander over a vast extent of territory, fighting with other trib s and hunting. When the buffalo became extinct they had to settle down, but they always longed, as they do to-day, for the return of the herds, and they accepted a belief that the buffalo originally came from a cave underground, and that he is not extinct now, but merely has been driven back under the earth by the white man.

Keeps-his-name-always had so impressed the tribe by his victory in the great game that they would do anything he told them to, and believe anything he said. Taking advantage of this, he declared to the Kicwas that he had had a vision in which he was directed to bring back the buffalo, and that he would do so the next summer.

Of course they gave him food and blankets and everything else he wanted in return for this good news, and when summer came they built him a great medicide lodge.

summer came they built him a great medicide lodge.

Changing his name to Patepte, which means Buffalo-buil-coming-out, the young prophet proceeded to make medicine—that is, to go through a lot of strange ceremonies, which, he said, would cause the buffalo to appear. Meantime all the tribe had to do exactly as he said, and they brought him so many presents that, after

rich.

By that time the Indians began to say that Buffalo-bull-coming-out could play Do-a better than he could bring back the buffalo, and, seeing that it would be dangerous to continue his little game any longer, the young man announced that some one had not done exactly as he had told h m to, and, consequently, the coming back of the buffalo had been put off for five years.

He then settled down to enjoy his riches

of the buffalo had been put off for five years.

He then settled down to enjoy his riches and play Do-a. But all play and no work is as unhealthful for an Indian as it is for white boys, and Buffalo-bull-coming-out died before the five years were up.

When the five years were up.

When the five years had gone a Kiowa named Paingya, "In-the-middle," who, as a boy, had watched Buffalo-bull-coming-out when he played his great game of Do-a and had seen him make medicine in the succeeding summer, announced himself as the succeesor of the great player and medicine man, and called upon all the tribe to assemble at a certain camp in order not to be involved in the destruction which was about to overtake the white men.

He said he had a medicine which would make the bullets of the white men fall harmless from him and his followers, and that he would not only bring back the buffalo as the great Do-a player had promised, but would bring a whirlwind and a great fire to destroy the white men.

The Indians wanted to take the warpath, but Capt. Hall of the army went with a small escort of soldiers to the hostile camp and told them that if the things which In-the-middle prophesied took place at the time he said they would, all right. He had nothing to say. But in the meantime the Indians would better keep quiet or he would send the soldiers after them.

They agreed to wait until the day which In-the-middle set for the destruction of the whites and the return of the buffalo, and when that time came and nothing happened they broke up their camp and returned to their former manner of life.

But In-the-middle had grown rich meantime through the offerings of blankets, purses and other property which the Indians had brought him, and, at last accounts, the successor of the great Do-a player was still living in a house he built for himself on the banks of the Washita, with nothing to do but play Do-a.

Dog That Pumps His Own Drinking Water

A dog that pumps his own drinking water is one of the curiosities of Frankford. This dog is a Newfoundland and his name is Jack. From the beginning of his oareer, water was always given to Jack in one way—from a basin set under a pump in his master's yard. He was little more than a puppy when his mind grasped the fact that the movement of the pump handle meant water for him. Accordingly, whenever he was thirsty, he would take the handle in his teeth and anake it, barking vizorously. This gave his master an ingenious idea. The young man rigged to the handle a kind of pulley, with a cord handle from it, and a piece of broom handle about six inches long, fastened to the end. To take hold of this piece of broom handle and shake it vizorously caused the rigging to move the handle up and down and a little water to flow. The first time the dog saw the dangling wood of a size so attractive and so suited to his mouth, he seized it, and he shook it up and down and from aide to side. About a pint of water flowed into his basin and he took a drink. Ever since, whenever he has been thirsty, Jack has pumped for himself. From the Philadelphia Record.

UNCLE SAM A QUICK FIGURER.

SYSTEM THAT GETS OUT THE CROP REPORTS ON TIME.

in Army of Men Watching His Big Parm -Most of Them Volunteers-Short Time in Which to Make the Crop Estimates—Work Done in Secret, Toc. With all of Uncle Sam's enormous busi-

res dealings, with all his tens of thousands banks and his hundreds of thousands of factories, and his railroads and ships nd men, all working to earn money, he still depends each year on his big farm to keep his supply of money going. It is the new property that is produced for him each year by the soil, in the form of rops, that makes his real wealth.

Therefore, one of the most important things for him to ascertain each year is how much money he may expect to find in that great bank, the earth. He must find this out for many reasons. In the first place, the United States as

a Government, wants to know how much money the country has produced and how much food there is going to be for the population. Then the railroads want to know how much freight they must prepare for. The owners and breeders of live stock want to know how big the crops of food for cattle are, for if the crops are small the price may be expected to become high and then it might pay them better to slaughter hundreds of thousands of cattle and sell their meat rather than to keep

and feed them. The manufacturers of clothing want to know what the cotton crop is going to be. All the people of all the world want to know what our wheat crop is to be. Every steamship in the world is interested in one way or another in our crops, for any one of them, even ships away off on the Ganges River and in the Yellow Sea may get some freight from us to carry.

Now all this information must be collected between the time the crops are ripe and the time that they are gathered. The country cannot wait until after they have been gathered, for that would be too late. Neither would it do to count the crop before it is ripe. All kinds of things might happen to it and all the figures might turn out wrong

if they were prepared too soon.

The consequence is that Uncle Sam's annual crop figuring is a task that makes thousands of his employees work feveriably in order to do an immense job in a short

ount the crops on each farm in the country. That would require armies of men and even Uncle Sam has a different system. He has on his list more than 250,000 persons throughout the United States who are in a position to know what the crops are going Uncle Sam has a different system. He

to he in their various districts. They are farmers, who know because it is their

business; bankers, who know because they often lend money on standing crops; merchants who deal directly in some way with crops; and cotton ginners, miliers, grain elevator owners and railroad men.

These persons all report to Washington, each one telling what he knows about the crop that year and what he thinks it will be like in his section.

But Uncle Sam does not depend on these men alone. Some of them might make mistakes, others might not be willing to tell everything they knew.

So Uncle Sam has thirty-eight men stationed in the most important agricultural States of the Union. Each of these men studies the crops of his own State and has on his list another set of correspondents, entirely different from those who report to Uncle Sam. There are about ten thousand of these special correspondents and every one of them sends in his own independent fleures.

Then, in each agricultural county, the Government has still another crop correspondent and he in turn has three or four correspondents in that particular county.

correspondents in that particular county. These people report everything they know about their special counties. There are 10,000 of these, too.

Not content with this, the Government has still another staff of correspondents in each township and voting precinct in the United States where there is any farming There are 30,000 of these men and each tells only about his particular township.

Each one of this immense army reports eleven times a year. Still this is not all. For instance, to find

out about the cotton crop, the figures eent in by the correspondents mentioned, are evised and compared with the figures sent in separately by 60,000 cotton-gin owners and 15,000 bankers and other business

men.

To compare the figures for the production of grains and cereals, Uncle Sam gets separate reports from 85,000 farmers, each of whom tells about his own crop only, and from 23,000 railroad men who tell of the stocks of cotton that they are preparing

the stocks of cotton that they are project to ship.

Almost all of this work is done for the Government without pay. The correspondents know how valuable it is for them all, so they pitch in and help freely. The number of reports that has been handled in Washington in one year has been as high as 2,500,000.

The Government reports now cover the acreage, production and farm value of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, cotton, potatoes, tobacco, flax and wheat, cotton, potatoes, tobacco, flax and

wheat, cotton, potatoes, tobacco, flax and hay, and the number and value of farm animals.

Cotton is reported on seven times each

Cotton is reported on seven times each year, wheat eight times, corn and oats each six times, and other products from two to eight times each.

After all these figures are in the hands of the Clovernment, the most important work remains to be done. It is to figure out the true meaning of the mass of statistics. Crops may be wonderfully good in one State and miserably poor in another. How will this affect the crop of the whole country?

And this must not only be done ac

than you do." As Gaston rides valiantly by, he shouts "Good-by Gaston, dear old fellow, good-by. Any last words?" He yells loudly for a stretcher for another who, up to that moment has shown no slightest inclination to tumble. As the Fat Boy swings into line, he announces in a stage aside: "Best horse in the bunch; see what a weight it carries." These gentle them. It would never do to let any one person or combination of persons know of Therefore elaborate means are taken to

THE LIEUTENANT AND HIS TWO AIDES.

Therefore elaborate means are taken to preserve absolute secrecy. Only one man is ntrusted with the particular reports that furnish the key to an understanding of the whole. The special agents in the various States mail their reports direct to the chief of the Bureau of Statistics, and he looks them up with their seals unbroken till the day on which the report is to be issued.

till the day on which the report is to be issued.

Other State agents telegraph their reports in cipher. When all is ready for the final working out of the announcement, the chief calls a staff of clerks into his room and sets them to work on the tables.

Then the chief takes their calculations and works out the final tables himself. He does not begin to do this until two or three

does not begin to do this until two or three hours before the time for publication. While he is doing it, all the doors are looked and no one is permitted either to leave

TELEGRAPHING BETTER DONE. Denial That the Work of the Operators Is Less Accurate New.

less careful and accurate than those of years ago? Ought they to be well informed on the news of the day merely because this news is largely discussed in the telegrams

which they send and receive? Both questions were answered in the

There is not a class of individuals in this country more deserving of the emolument they earn than the telegraphers; but so many of them are of that peculiarly illiterate of mechanical class that errors are constantly

mechanical class that errors are constantly made of what would prove to be plain legibility to a thinking man.

There is no excuse for bulled messages. A telegrapher should be thoroughly conversant with the topics of the day and well. up on every subject upon which he is called to pass judgment, and this means more than what the ordinary man keeps in touch with; still, when it is considered that the telegrapher must handle stocks, grain quotations, horse races, news matter and comment of every sort it should devolve upon him to become proficient as much from an intelligent standoint as from a mechanical.

point as from a mechanical.

He may claim that his hours are too arduous; but that is begging the question. His work should, in a measure, keep him in touch with current events, and when he uses his memory it should be altogether to the good.

These statements were shown by a Sun

reporter the other day to one of the high officers of one of the big telegraph com-"That," said the officer of the telegraph

company, "is all wrong. The man who wrote it doesn't know what he is talking about, or has a grievance which prevents him from teiling the truth. Instead of retrograding, the telegrapher of tc-lay is much better than he was ten or twenty

years ago.

tion. Through the main office of this company there are daily transmitted 135,000 messages on an average. Of course, that number by no means represents the total number sent by all our

men all over the country. "Now every one of our message blanks contains the name of the President of the

"Now every one or our message manks contains the name of the President of the company, and to him, quite naturally, are sent almost all the complaints of our patrons. We scare by ever receive more than five complaints in one day.

"Almost all of these complaints are about the way messages are delivered by our messengers and not about the way in which they are sent and received by our operators. As a matter of fact, telegraphers nowadays make very few mistakes that cannot be traced directly to the faulty handwriting of the senders.

"Lots of people are very careless about writing out their messages.

"Curiously enough, the sender of a telegram is always very careful to spell out the name of the person addressed, but often only scribbles off his own name, and that is always an important part of the telegram. Many of the messages we get would take a handwriting expart to decipher.

"Now, it is impossible for a telegrapher to absorb much of what goes out or in as messages. He is kept busy reading out the words before him. The men know that they are employed to send the messages correctly and not to learn what is in them so that they shall be able to repeat the contents."

RAYS OF SUNSHINE

AND THE HAPPINESS THEY BRING.

The bright rays of sunshine that have crept into the lives of thousands of sufferers, who have been restored to happiness and health by the use of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood are so many that it would be almost impossible to

enumerate them.
One of the best indications of kidney and bladder troubles are frequent pains in the back, and if you deposit some urine in a small glass vessel, and after letting it stand for twenty-four hours and after the standard or a stringer mike you find a sediment or a stringy, milky appearance; if you are often con to urinate during the night, and it hurts

you in passing it, your kidneys and bladder are diseased, and you will be untrue to yourself if you neglect to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

There are many stages of KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, and by wing Dr. Land Brandel's Land by wing Dr. Land Brandel's Land B using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy your kidney and bladder will soon be fully restored to their normal and healthy condition.

Druggista sell it in New 50 Coat Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Trial bottle free. Apply Hollis M. Farnes. Druggist, 56 west Broadway or Cor. Madison Ave. and 110th St., N. Y., or mention Sunday San and address Dr. David Kennedy Corp., Hondout, N. Y.—Ads.

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